

"HOW BIG DOES THE MOON LOOK TO YOU?"

Read what some of The Day Book readers have to say of the moon's size and then write us your opinion. Address to "Moon Editor," Day Book.



Dear Moony Spoony Editor:
The moon looks to me a ball of silver glory just big enough to light my sweetheart's footsteps to the rose-lined path where I wait to whisper words of love.

Engaged.

Dear Mooney Editor: "Every time you take a drink things look different."

When I am sober and the moon is new;

When I pass up highballs, hate the brew,

The moon seems only a crescent gold

Upon which to hang a wealth untold

Of happy dreams.

When the moon is full—and so am I,

Two braken disks float o'er the sky,

Like ends of hogsheds full of wine,

They call to me—but I decline,
For I am full.

Woozy.



Dear Shmoon Editor:
I stood on the street at midnight,

Ash drunk ash a sun-of-gun;
Eight shmoons rose o'er the city,

When there should have been but one.

Rounder.

Dear Editor: You have finally propounded the quintessence of foolish questions, "How big does the moon look?" Why, any school boy could answer that. It looks as big as you think it does.

Tired Reader.